



BRITANNIA:

A

M A S Q U E.

By David Mallet



[Price Sixpence.]

1755



BRITANNIA:

A

M A S Q U E.

By David Mallet.

ACTED at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

D R U R Y - L A N E.



L O N D O N :

Printed for A. MILLAR.

MDCCLV.

BRITANNIA

M. A. S. Q. U. E.

AND

OF

THEATRE-ROYAL



D. R. W. E.

LONDON

Printed by A. Millar

INDOCHINA

The P E R S O N S.

BRITANNIA,	Mrs. JAFFERSON.
GENIUS,	Miss ISABELLA YOUNG.
MARS,	Mr. BEARD.
SERJEANT,	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
TRITON,	Mr. VERNON.
NEPTUNE,	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
BOATSWAIN,	Mr. BEARD.
NANCEY,	Miss THOMAS.

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, &c.

The Music composed by Mr. *ARNE*.

THE PERSONS

MR. JAFFERSON
MR. ISABELLA YOUNG

MR. BEARD
MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. JEFFERSON
MR. CHAMBERLAIN

MR. JEFFERSON
MR. CHAMBERLAIN



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

The Music compiled by Mr. A. R. H. E.



P R O L O G U E:

spoken by Mr. GARRICK,

in the character of a Sailor, fuddled
and talking to himself.

He enters, singing,

How pleasant a Sailor's life passes——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?

A sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!

*What chear ho? * Do I carry too much sail?*

** to the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—*

** he staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel:

Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—

Dost love 'em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!

A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:

There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:

I must away—I must——

What! shall we sons of beef and freedom sloop,

Or lower our flag to slavery and sloop?

What! shall these Parly-vous make such a racket,

And I not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?

Still shall old England be your Frenchman's butt?

Whene'er he shuffles, we should always cut.

P R O L O G U E.

*I'll to 'em, faith—Avas!—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to see the show?*

Pulls out a play-bill.

*From this same paper we shall understand
What work's to night—I read your printed hand!
First let's refresh a bit—for faith, I need it—
I'll take one sugar-plumb *—and then I'll read it.*

** Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.*

*At the The-atre Royal—Drury-Lane—
will be presen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—*

S A R A H.

*I'm glad'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
Her namesake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll sleep as sound, as if I were at sea.*

— To which will be added,
a new Masque.*

*Zounds! why a Masque? We sailors hate grimaces:
Above board all, we scorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, so very large and plain?
BRI-TA-NIA—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys!—by the Royal George I swear,
Tom coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.
All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!*

going off, he stops,

*I wish you landmen tho, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And like us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing!
True to yourselves, your Country, and your King!*





BRITANNIA:

A

M A S Q U E.

THE SCENE,

*On one hand a rocky coast; woods and fields on the other:
the whole terminated by a view of the ocean.*

*BRITANNIA is seen reclining against a cliff, in a pensive
posture: her helmet, shield and spear strewed negligently
on the ground. The face of the landscape around
cloudy and lowering. Soft and plaintive music.*

*The general gloom is gradually dispersed by a rising light
that spreads over and enlivens the whole scene.*

*Amidst this blaze of glory, and while the music changes
into gay and animating airs, appears the GENIUS of
BRITAIN.*

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

BRITANNIA! sovereign queen of Isles!
Where freedom reigns, where plenty smiles;
Whence commerce spreads, with every gale,
For every shore, her boundless sail——

B

S O N G.

BRITANNIA.

S O N G.

*Awake! arise! nor longer wear
This downcast look, this doubtful air,
That cloud thy native charms.
Resume the trident of the main;
Or, gaily-dreadful on the plain,
Shine out again in arms!*

RECITATIVO.

Those arms BRITANNIA best can wield,
When, foremost in the sanguine field,
She bids the storm of battle glow,
And pours it's thunder on her foe!

S O N G.

*Let not Punic arts amuse thee;
Let not Punic oaths abuse thee:
Grasp thy shield, and shake thy spear!
Should a faithless friend invade thee,
All—yes, all thy sons shall aid thee:
What has BRITAIN then to fear?
What has BRITAIN then to fear?*

BRITANNIA, [*rising.*]

Oh would my jarring sons unite,
To do their sacred country right!

BRITANNIA.

3

And in one filial league combine,
All interests to disclaim but mine!

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

If sense, if spirit are not flown,
They must in thy defence be shown.
Wherever courage dwells, or worth,
Occasion now will call them forth.

BRITANNIA.

O come, and on thy speeding wing,
Fair hour! those happy moments bring.

S O N G.

*Th' inspiring hope my bosom warms :
What can a world, a world in arms,
At sea, on land, to me oppose,
When British bosoms, British hearts inclose ?*

GENIUS.

RECITATIVO.

Lo! where, descending from on high,
The radiant God of War draws nigh.

B 2

SCENE



SCENE II.

BRITANNIA, GENIUS, MARS.

MARS appears in air, in complete armor, and distinguished by the red star on his helmet. As his car approaches the ground, a full symphony of warlike music is heard.

MARS.

RECITATIVO.

From yonder sun-pav'd fields above,
 Commission'd by the nod of Jove,
 Behold me, sea-girt nymph, appear,
 Thy hope to raise, thy heart to cheer!

RECITATIVO.

The righteous sword when Justice draws,
 When Honor sanctifies the cause,
 Let BRITAIN then provoke the fight:
 Heaven, that approves, will aid her right!

SONG.

BRITANNIA.

5

S O N G.

Let each softer note be dumb——

Let deep silence reign around——

[A full pause of all the instruments.

Then loudly wake the thundering drum!

Then swell the trumpet's noblest sound!

Prolong, prolong

The magic song!

Raise high to heaven it's potent strain!

Till martial beat

Consenting beat

In every BRITON's every vein!



S C E N E III.

As the drum beats, soldiers approach from different parts of the scene, and range themselves: A recruiting serjeant at their head.

He sings.

Adieu for a while to the town and its trade;

Adieu to the meadow and rake:

Our country, my boys, calls aloud for our aid;

And shall we that country forsake?

II.

II.

*It never was known, that true hearts like our own
 From hardships or hazards would flinch :
 Let our foes then unite ; we will shew them in fight,
 What BRITONS can do at a pinch.*

III.

*A slave may he be, who will not agree
 To join with his neighbours and sing,
 " That the Brave and the Free—such, BRITONS, are we--
 " Live but for their Country and King ! "*

BRITANNIA.

I with a parent's fondness view
 My bold rough sons revive in you.
 To such I dare my cause commend,
 Born to revenge me, or defend.
 Yes, each will act a BRITON's part :
 The plainest is the truest heart.

SCENE



SCENE IV.

*As this speech ends, a TRITON rises above the waves, and
sounds his shell.*

TRITON.

RECITATIVO.

Behold ! the sovereign of the sea,
BRITANNIA's patron-deity,
Now rising awful from the deep,
With her this festival to keep !
He leaves the pearly dome, the coral-shade,
To rouse her spirit, and her arms to aid !

SONG.

*Wide o'er this bright æreal scene,
Let only Zephir wave the wing :
And let all ocean be serene,
To honor her ascending King.*

SCENE



SCENE V.

During this song, NEPTUNE's car, fashioned like a ship, with the BRITISH lion in it's prow, and turned shoreward, arises slowly to view, attended by a train of Sea-Nymphs and Tritons.

NEPTUNE.

RECITATIVO.

Hail ! fairest daughter of the sea ;
 Imperial seat of liberty ;
 Indulgent nurse of arms and arts,
 Of coolest heads and warmest hearts ;
 Thy sons for every worth renown'd,
 With every charm thy daughters crown'd ;
 The land's great umpire, ocean's queen —
 All this has fam'd BRITANNIA been :
 And to this envy'd height, the Gods once more,
 Leagu'd in her cause, their favorite would restore.

SONG.

BRITANNIA.

9

S O N G.

*Inspire the vocal shell!
Let harmony explore
Her sacred store,
Through all its moving, mazy swell:
For sounds that warm
Exalt and charm
The soul untouch'd before!
Then roll their rising flow from ecchoing shore to shore!*

BRITANNIA.

Chief let their mighty power be shown
On those I gladly call my own:

G E N I U S.

S O N G.

*Those best sons of BRITAIN, bold, open, and brave,
Who dare the loud tempest, and stem the rough wave.
Theirs is the sound bottom, on which to rely;
And theirs the firm heart, that will conquer or dy!*

C

SCENE



SCENE VI.

At the sound of a boatswain's whistle, blown by one of the Tritons, a croud of sailors rush in; a boatswain at their head, singing.

*Yes—ours is the bottom, on which to rely;
And ours the sound heart, that will conquer or dy.*

[These verses are repeated
by all the rest in chorus.

BOATSWAIN sings.

*'Tis our country that calls us: her voice we obey.
When she wants our aid; shall a sailor say nay?
With the foes of old ENGLAND our Rulers may cope,
While a sword we can brandish, or handle a rope:
For BRITAIN shall find us, both body and soul,
As true to her cause, as our steel to it's pole.*

CHORUS.

*Yes—BRITAIN shall find us, both body and soul,
As true to her cause, as our steel to it's pole.*

BRITANNIA.

II.

SECOND SAILOR.

*Dares the coxcomb in heart, dares the capering slave
Despise us plain fellows, whom freedom makes brave?
Huzza! gallant hearts: let the Triflers behold
Such ENGLISHMEN now, as they fled from of old.*

CHORUS.

*Huzza! gallant hearts: let the Triflers behold
Such ENGLISHMEN now, as they ran from of old.*

THIRD SAILOR.

*From the mistress we love, from the monarch we serve,
No distance, no danger shall e'er make us swerve.
Let landmen delight in deceit and grimace,
Attempt at your throat, while they laugh in your face;
Too honest for art, and too gallant for guile,
We frown where we hate, as we love where we smile.*

CHORUS.

*Then—ours is the bottom, on which to rely;
And ours the sound heart, that will conquer or dy!*

C 2

SCENE



SCENE VII.

The sound of a tabor and pipe is heard at a distance :

NANCEY and SUKEY come forward.

BOATSWAIN.

RECITATIVO.

See where young NAN and SUE appear :

Away—or you are wind-bound here.

Ah let them not, my lads, come nigh :

Each carries witchcraft in her eye.

NANCEY sings.

Hear me, gallant sailor, hear me !

While your country has a foe,

He is mine too—Never fear me ;

I may weep : but you shall go.

SUKEY sings.

Tho this flowery season wooes ye

To the gentler sports of May,

And love sighs, so long to lose ye—

Honor calls : let Love obey.

FIRST

BRITANNIA.

13

FIRST SAILOR sings.

*Can the Sons of BRITAIN fail her,
While her Daughters are so true?
Your soft courage must avail her :
We love glory—loving you.*

SECOND SAILOR sings.

*War and danger now invite us :
Blow, ye winds ; for BRITAIN blow !
Every gale will most delight us,
That wafts us soonest to the foe !*

GENIUS.

*Then, away from idle pleasures :
You are bent on nobler measures,
And must now your worth approve.
Teach these peaceful shores to wonder,
At the cannon's mortal thunder :
'Tis the music BRITONS love.*

CHORUS.

*Soon these peaceful shores shall wonder,
At the cannon's mortal thunder :
'Tis the music BRITONS love.*

SONG.

SONG.

*Teach these hills to resound, and these vallies to ring,
Success to our country, renown to our king!*

ALL.

*These hills shall resound, and these vallies shall ring,
Success to our country, renown to our king!*

Here a dance:

Which ended, BRITANNIA speaks.

Go then: the call of glory each attend:
At home, abroad, your country's rights defend.
While this great aim, united, you pursue,
And BRITAIN is, to BRITAIN, nobly true,
Bear high your hopes to conquest and renown:
The cause, that heaven inspires, success shall crown!

THE END.
4 AP 54



